

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER  
OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script  
BEC-1 - Colour

Project No: 02349/2714

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5G

EPISODE 4: 'The Creature From The Pit'

by

David Fisher

Producer .....	GRAHAM WILLIAMS
Director .....	CHRISTOPHER BARRY
Designer .....	VALERIE WARRENDER
Script Editor .....	DOUGLAS ADAMS
P.U.M. ....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
P.A. ....	
A.F.M. ....	
Assistant .....	
Costume Designer .....	JUNE HUDSON
Make-Up Artist .....	

FILMING: 19th-23rd March, 1979

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: TBA

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 9th & 10th April,  
22nd, 23rd & 24th April, 1979.

TRANSMISSION: TBA

2. INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

(KAREL EMERGES  
FROM THE HATCHWAY  
LEADING TO THE  
MINES.

THERE IS A GUARD  
IN THE CHAMBER)

KARELA: (URGENTLY) Quickly! Summon  
the huntsman. Move!

(THE GUARD SPRINGS  
TO ATTENTION AND  
HURRIES OUT)

- 5 -

3. INT. PASSAGE/GALLERY. IN MINE.

(DOCTOR STILL STARING  
AT CREATURE)

ROMANA: Are you alright?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure.

ROMANA: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

(HE TAKES HOLD  
OF THE HANDLE ONCE  
AGAIN. ONCE AGAIN  
THE SHIELD GLOWS)

Hello. I realise this must be a very  
frightening experience for you, but  
please don't be alarmed.

(HE RELEASES  
THE HANDLE)

ROMANA: What are you talking about?

DOCTOR: I don't know. It's not me  
talking.

- 5 -

- 6 -

(ORGANON: A pro, a real pro.

DOCTOR: Will you please be quiet.

ROMANA: Doctor, what's happening?

DOCTOR: I know it sounds odd, but I never said that.

ROMANA: Never said what?

DOCTOR: What I just said.

ROMANA: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: You remember when I said just now that this was a very frightening experience but don't be alarmed?

ROMANA: Yes.

DOCTOR: I didn't say that.

ROMANA: You didn't ...

DOCTOR: No. I was too busy being frightened and alarmed.

ROMANA: But if you weren't talking ...

DOCTOR: Who was? Let's find out shall we? (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
HOLD OF THE HANDLE  
ON THE SHELD AGAIN)

- 6 -

- 7 -

DOCTOR: (cont) Please allow me to explain. This is not the Doctor speaking.

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES  
HIS HEAD IN CON-  
FIRMATION)

I am simply using his larynx. You see we Tythonians don't have larynxes.

(THE DOCTOR RELEASES  
THE HANDLE AND FEELS  
HIS THROAT)

It's a very odd sensation having someone else use your larynx.

ORGANON: Who are you?

DOCTOR: Me? Well I'm still the Doctor of course.

ORGANON: Even when that thing's using your larynx?

DOCTOR: Well the rest of me's me anyway.

ROMANA: What's the creature's name?

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
HOLD OF THE HANDLE  
AGAIN)

(ERATO) My full name comprises some one million syllables and would take a humanoid larynx a week of your time to say with appropriate breaks for sleeping and eating. But since you are such short lived creatures perhaps you'd better call me Erato - (cont ...)

- 7 -

- 8 -

DOCTOR: (cont) ... Which are the first three syllables of my first name.

ROMANA: You are not a native of this planet are you Erato?

DOCTOR: (ERATO) No Miss Romanaadvoratelundar, I am not. Heaven forbid that I should be. I am from the planet Tythonus.

ROMANA: Then what are you doing here? Apart from skulking about in a pit and eating people.

DOCTOR: (ERATO) (A LITTLE HAUGHTILY) Young humanoid to skulk about in pits, as you so crudely put it, is not my normal habit, and I most emphatically do not eat people. I live by ingesting chlorophyll and mineral salts. I would have you know that I am the Tythonian High Ambassador. I am, I was on a Trading Mission to this planet.

(THE DOCTOR RELEASES  
THE HANDLE)

(TO HIMSELF) That's it! That's it! I should have realised instantly! It's all the fault of that woman Adrasta.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS ROUND  
TO LOOK AT ADRASTA AND  
IS ASTONISHED TO SEE  
THAT SHE IS STANDING  
AT THE END OF THE  
GALLERY WITH KARELA,  
THE HUNTSMAN, AND A  
GUARD WHO IS HOLDING  
ORGANON.

- 8 -

- 9 -

TORVIN AND EDU  
ARE IN THE BACK-  
GROUND ALSO GUARDED.

AROUND THEM ARE WOLF  
WEEDS.

KARELA IS HOLDING K9)

ADRASTA: Yes Doctor? You were saying?

DOCTOR: Saying that ... K9 I thought  
you were meant to be guarding her?

K9: Apologises Master. I am immobile.  
I was overpowered by the wolf weeds.

(On to page 10)

- 9 -

ADRASTA: Doctor. Order your dog to destroy the Tythonian.

THE DOCTOR: No.

ADRASTA: If you do not, your friend Organon dies.

THE DOCTOR: Organon? Goodbye old fellow, I'm terrible sorry, and thanks for all the help.

ORGANON: (HORRIFIED) Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but if my deductions are right, the wellbeing of two planets is at stake. Erato must not die!

ADRASTA: Huntsman. Set the wolf weeds on the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: No! Wait! (CONTEMPTUOUSLY) 'Set the weeds on the Doctor.' That's all you have on this planet isn't it? Weeds, weeds, weeds, wild forest and jungle and more weeds. Very pretty much of it, but uncultivated. You scratch around for food where you can, but you can't plough the land can you? You can't do anything till you've tamed the forests and weeds, and you can't do that without metal!

ADRASTA: Don't listen to him, it's just the ravings of a demented star tramp. Set the wolf weeds on him!

THE DOCTOR: Do that and you commit your planet to the Dark Ages for ever to satisfy the petty power cravings of this pathetic woman?



ADRASTA: Have a care Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Have a care yourself.  
Care for your people for a change.

ADRASTA: Kill him!

HUNTSMAN: Let him speak.

ADRASTA: Huntsman! I order you ...

HUNTSMAN: Let him speak!

(ADRASTA SEETHES  
IMPOTENTLY)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you. If my  
deductions are correct ...

ADRASTA: They are wrong.

THE DOCTOR: If my deductions are  
correct which they always are, Erato  
arrived here fifteen years ago to  
propose a trading deal with your  
planet. Tythonus is a planet rich in  
metallic ores and minerals. Am I  
right K9?

K9: Checking Date Banks. (CLICK CLICK  
CLICK WHIRR) Affirmative master.

THE DOCTOR: (ASIDE TO ROMANA) Lucky  
guess.

ADRASTA: Fools, you listen to the  
opinions of an electric dog!

THE DOCTOR: The Tythonians exist on chlorophyll, vast quantities of it guessing from their size, and you have an overabundance of chlorophyll producing plant life on your planet.

ROMANA: So Erato came here to offer you metal in exchange for chlorophyll! Of course!

THE DOCTOR: But who was the first person he met? The one person on the planet who stood to lose if metal suddenly became plentiful. The woman who held the monopoly of the tiny amount of metal that was already here. So did she welcome this life saving trade agreement with open arms? Did she put the welfare of her struggling people above her own petty power? Did she heck. She tipped the ambassador into a pit and threw astrologers at him!

HUNTSMAN: Is this true my lady?

ADRASTA: Not a word of it. It's a pack of lies, of course it is.

THE DOCTOR: Then what about the gifts of metal Erato brought with him? Samples of metal you'd never even seen on this planet?

(THE DOCTOR DIGS IN  
HIS POCKET AND BRINGS  
OUT ONE OR TWO LUMPS  
THAT HE PICKED UP IN  
THE GALLERY)

Nickel, cadmium, aluminium ...

ADRASTA: Proving nother Doctor, you brought them with you yourself.

THE DOCTOR: Well, let's see if Erato agrees with me shall we?

(THE DOCTOR MAKES TO  
GO TOWARDS THE SHIELD)

ADRASTA: And that won't prove anything either! You simply grab hold of that handle and say exactly what you like. You expect intelligent people to fall for your childish tricks?

THE DOCTOR: Well my dear, the answer is very simple isn't it? Why don't you come and hold the communicator yourself? We will hear the truth from your own larynx.

ADRASTA: What? No, don't talk such nonsense. Huntsman I order you to kill the Doctor!

HUNTSMAN: No.

ADRASTA: (TO THE GUARD) Kill the astrologer!

HUNTSMAN: No! (RESTRAINS THE GUARD)

ADRASTA: What insolence is this?

HUNTSMAN: My lady, I think we want to hear the truth of this. Go and speak with the creature.

ADRASTA: No! I refuse! I utterly refuse!

HUNTSMAN: I think not my lady.

4. INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

(ORGANON, ROMANA  
AND K9.

ORGANON IS BUSY  
EATING HIS FIRST  
PROPER MEAL FOR  
WEEKS, RAVENOUSLY)

ORGANON: He was going to let me die!

ROMANA: What do you mean?

ORGANON: Adrasta said to him she'd  
have me put to death if he didn't  
order the dog to shoot Erato, and he  
just said "Goodbye old fellow,  
terribly sorry" didn't he K9?

K9: Affirmative.

ORGANON: What kind of friend is  
that?

(THE DOCTOR  
ENTERS)

THE DOCTOR: A very good one old chap.  
Because of me your planet now has a  
chance to prosper.

ORGANON: But she was going to kill  
me!

MJ

THE DOCTOR: Nonsense. I checked out your horoscope myself earlier. I knew for a certain fact that you were going to die of indigestion.

(ORGANON PAUSES FOR  
A WORRIED MOMENT  
BEFORE HE STUFFS  
THE NEXT CHICKEN  
LEG IN HIS MOUTH)

ROMANA: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

ROMANA: Erato knew my full name.

THE DOCTOR: So what?

ROMANA: Well there's only one way it could have found out what it was. From your brain.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. He must have been reading my mind.

ROMANA: But if he's telepathic, why was he using your larynx? It could communicate with any of us telepathically.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps there were technical problems. Minds are awfully complicated things you know.

ROMANA: Perhaps, but can we trust him? He may not have eaten people, but he certainly crushed a fair few to death.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but he didn't have his communicator did he? Adrasta had stolen it. Tythonians communicate by rubbing up against each other. He was just trying any way he could to make contact.

ORGANON: Have you spoken any further with the creature?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, a bit. But he didn't want to say much further till he was out of the pit. Adrasta's engineers should have finished hauling him up by now. Then he said he would have something important to tell us.

ORGANON: Ch dear.

THE DOCTOR: What's the trouble?

ORGANON: I detect an ominous tinge to your horoscope.

THE DOCTOR: Never mind. You're probably sitting in your own light.

ROMANA: How did Erato get here in the first place? I never understood that.

THE DOCTOR: Egg transport!

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: That egg. When it's all in one piece it's actually a blindingly simple space vehicle complete with photon drive.

ROMANA: I didn't see a photon drive in it.

THE DOCTOR: No, it's amongst the pieces of shell he kept in that cave in the pit. That's why he protected it.

ROMANA: But a photon drive isn't practical for travel in deep space. It'd take ages to travel a few light years.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, times not important to a Tythonian - they live for about forty thousand years, so that's a trip of twenty or thirty years to them. Just popping round the corner.

ROMANA: So now everything's sorted out, the trading agreement will go forward, Chloris and Tythonus can live happily ever after and we can be on our way. Right Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No. I don't think so. There's something else Erato has to tell us, and he's being very cagey about it. I think we're about to find out.

(WE HEAR THE NOISE  
OF THE CREATURE.

A BULGE OF ERATO  
APPEARS IN THE  
DOORWAY, WITH THE  
COMMUNICATOR SHIELD  
ATTACHED)

ORGANON: I don't think I'll ever get used to anything that looks like that.

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, in a certain light he might even look quite attractive to another Tythonian.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
HOLD OF THE SITUATION  
HANDLE)

ROMANA: Erato, now that you're out of  
the pit, what's this news you have to  
tell us?

THE DOCTOR: (ERATPO) I hope you won't  
be upset, or take this in anyway  
personally. It's not my doing. I  
tried to warn the lady Adrasta, I  
tried to warn everyone else on this  
planet - but the larynx is such an  
unsatisfactory means of communications.

(Onto page 21)



ROMANA: What are you trying to warn us about?

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) Well, you've only a trifle over twenty four hours to live. All of you.

ROMANA: What????

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) I'm so sorry. Really. (HIMSELF- REALISING THE HANDLE) What??

ORGANON: What's he mean?

(PAUSE)

ROMANA: (INDICATING THE 'SHIELD') Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (HIMSELF) Oh, yes. Sorry...

(HE TAKES HOLD OF  
THE HANDLE)

...I thought what I said was quite clear. However, let me put it another way - in a trifle over twenty four hours everyone on this planet will be dead.

ROMANA: Dead. Why?

THE DOCTOR: (AS ERATO) I came here as an ambassador to but chlorophyll. Adrasta refused to sell me any and imprisoned me, but she failed to stop the other half of my vessel communicating that fact to my brothers on Tythonus. (Cont...)

THE DOCTOR (cont.) They will  
have seen it as an act of aggression  
and will have taken appropriate  
action.

ROMANA: Appropriate? Your  
tone of voice makes it sound  
horribly inappropriate. What  
will they have done?

THE DOCTOR: Dispatched a  
missile in the direction  
of this planet's sun.

ROMANA: What kind of  
missile?

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO)  
A doomsday weapon.

ROMANA: What kind of  
doomsday weapon?

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO)  
A neutron star ...

(THE DOCTOR RELEASING  
THE HANDLE - AS  
HIMSELF)

THE DOCTOR: What?????...

(TAKING HOLD OF THE  
HANDLE AGAIN -  
AS ERATO)

...Do I have to repeat myself?...  
(AS HIMSELF)... No. No...  
(AS ERATO) ...It's only a very  
small neutron star, Doctor.

ORGANON: Is a neutron star bad?

THE DOCTOR: (AS HIMSELF) One gramme  
of matter from your sun falling  
on their neutron star would cause  
an explosion the equivalent of a  
very large atom bomb going off.  
So you can imagine what's likely  
to happen if the star collides with  
your son. The luminosity goes up  
by a factor of 100,000, and the  
Xrays would cook every planet in  
this solar system.

K9: Correct, master.

ORGANON: Isn't there any way of  
stopping it?

ROMANA: Supposing we contacted  
Tythonus and told them we'd give  
them all the chlorophyll they need?  
...Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry...

(TAKING HOLD OF  
THE HANDLE AS  
ERATO)

... You don't understand. The missile is on its way. It has been on its way for several years. There is no guidance system to speak of. We've never needed one before. So there is no way of stopping it

ROMANA: Do you make a habit of firing off neutron stars at people?

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) Good gracious me, no. What do you take us for? This is the first time we've ever used the weapon. Usually once anyone discovers that we possess such power they tend to leave us in peace.

ROMANA: I can imagine.

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) We are a very peaceable race. I am truly sorry for what is about to happen to you. If there was anything I could do to prevent it - or to save you - I would. Believe me.

ORGANON: Thank you. What am I thanking you for? You're going to kill us all.

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) It's nothing personal you understand.

ORGANON: It is to me, it's my person that's going up in smoke.

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) Since there isn't anything I can do for you, well, if you'll excuse me I'll return to my vessel, and be on my way. I can't bear to see all this destruction.

ROMANA: But your vessel's in pieces.

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) No matter. It won't take long to spin up a new ship or patch the old one together.

(RELEASING - THE  
HANDLE ? AS  
HIMSELF)

...How long?

(TAKING HOLD OF  
HANDLE - AS  
ERATO)

...About an hour. (AS HIMSELF)  
You spin this vessel out of threads which you draw from your own body? Like we saw in the pit?... The principle is the same...

(RELEASING THE  
HANDLE AS  
HIMSELF)

...K9, I want you to start doing some calculations.

K9: At your service, Master.

THE DOCTOR: Let's suppose this neutron star is - what? - a couple of hundred kilometres in diameter... travelling at one third the speed of light...

5. INT. TARDIS.

(ROMANA, K9  
AND THE DOCTOR.

THEY ARE SETTING  
UP THE TARDIS  
LIKE A SPACE CENTRE,  
WITH T.V. MONITORS,  
COMPUTER DISPLAYS,  
RADAR DISPLAYS, ETC)

ROMANA: Do you think it will work?

THE DOCTOR: If it doesn't, there's  
going to be rather a nasty bang in this  
solar system in approximately twelve  
hours time.

K9: I have computed the chances of  
success, Master - -

THE DOCTOR: I don't wish to hear them.

K9: Very wise, Master.

ROMANA: You're relying a lot on Erato  
co-operating. What's to stop him  
flying off on his own once he's ready?

THE DOCTOR: So could we, come to that.  
Except we'd miss the fun of playing  
football with a neutron star.

ROMANA: There are times, Doctor, when I wonder why they ever allowed you to become a Time Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Me, too, appallingly foolish decision. Everything shipshape, K9?

K9: Affirmative Master.

(VERIOUS SCREENS  
AND DISPLAYS FLICKER  
INTO LIFE)



6. CS MONITOR SCREEN.

(IT SHOWS THE  
NEUTRON STAR  
TRAVELLING THROUGH SPACE)

THE DOCTOR: So that's it. One small  
neutron star right on time ... Our  
football.

ROMANA: There's a kind of shell round  
it.

THE DOCTOR: Apparently the Tythonians  
spun one around it in order to reduce  
its magnetic field. But according to  
Erato, the shell's supposed to burn up  
as it approaches the sun.

K9: (PLUGGED INTO COMPUTER) The latest  
calculations indicate that the shell is  
already beginning to overheat.

THE DOCTOR: Let's hope it holds out for  
a bit longer ... I suppose I'd better go  
and put my football gear on.

(HE EXITS.

ROMANA CROSSES TO  
THE LARGE EXTERIOR  
MONITOR SCREEN AND  
SWITCHES ON)

ROMANA: That's a sight I'll never get  
used to.

7. CU MONITOR SCREEN.

*Same set as Ianis.  
outside.*

(WE SEE ERATO  
ASSEMBLING HIS SHIP.  
THE THREADS EMERGE  
FROM HIS BODY  
AND FORM A HUGE  
COCOON AROUND HIM.

THE DOCTOR RE-ENTERS  
CLAD IN A TRANSPARENT  
PLASTIC SPACE SUIT.  
HE CARRIES HIS HELMET.  
AROUND HIS NECK,  
OUTSIDE HIS SUIT,  
IS LOOPED HIS SCARF)

THE DOCTOR: Clumsy great things. I  
don't know how anyone ever managed to walk  
in them in those sdays.

K9: (AT RADAR DISPLAY) There is a blip  
on the screen, Master.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
TO LOOK AT THE  
SCREEN)

THE DOCTOR: Probably an echo - caused  
by the gravitational distortion of the  
neutron star.

K9: It is not an echo, Master.

ROMANA: Could it be a meteorite.

K9: It is not a meteorite, mistress.

THE DOCTOR: Whatever it may or may not be I know one thing it certainly is.

ROMANA: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Offside. Keep watching it Romana.

(DOCTOR EXITS)

8. INT. PALACE CORRIDOR.

(ORGANON APPROACHES  
THE DOCTOR  
AS HE IS WALKING  
OUT TO THE SHIP)

ORGANON: I don't wish to depress  
you, Doctor, but ...

THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me - my  
horoscope looks ominous.

ORGANON: Disastrous is how I'd  
describe it ... You are going to  
take a short trip which will end  
in total disaster.

THE DOCTOR: What did you do before  
you took up astrology?

ORGANON: I sold patent medicines.

THE DOCTOR: Were you successful at  
that, too?

ORGANON: (INDIGNANT) There was  
nothing wrong with my Elixir of Life -  
so long as you were in good health  
when you took it.

(THE DOCTOR GETS  
INTO ERATO'S SHIP -  
A SECTION OF WHICH  
OPENS UP TO ALLOW  
HIM TO ENTER)

9. INT. TARDIS.

(ROMANA AND  
K9.

K9 IS STILL  
STUDYING THE  
RADAR BLIP)

K9: It is still there, mistress.

ROMANA: It could be space debris  
of some kind.

K9: It is too big for that,  
mistress.

10. INT. ERATO'S SHIP.

(A HUGE AREA  
FILLED WITH  
ERATO.

IN A TINY SPACE  
BETWEEN ERATO  
AND THE WALL THE  
DOCTOR IS  
INSTALLED.

IN FRONT OF HIM  
ARE A RADAR  
DISPLAY, A MONITOR  
SCREEN, AND A  
COMPUTER DISPLAY.  
THE 'SHIELD' IS  
STILL ATTACHED TO  
ERATO)

THE DOCTOR: (ERATO) Tythonian  
vessels are not designed for  
humancids. I cannot provide you  
with an acceleration couch, but if  
you will sit on me ...

(PART OF THE  
CREATURE MOULDS  
ITSELF INTO A  
CHAIR)

... I will do my best to make  
your trip as comfortable as possible  
...

(RELEASING THE  
HANDLE - AS  
HIMSELF)

... Ready for blast off.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
SUDDENLY HURLED  
BACK INTO HIS  
'SEAT' SCREAMING  
IN PAIN)

10A. INT. TARDIS.

(CLOSE-UP OF  
THE LARGE MONITOR  
SCREEN.

ON IT WE SEE  
THE HUGE 'EGG'  
TAKE OFF)

ROMANA: (V.O.) They're taking off!



11. INT. ERATO'S SHELL.

(WE SEE THE  
DOCTOR IN THE  
GRIP OF EXTREME  
G FORCES.

HE IS FORCED BACK  
INTO THE  
CREATURE AND IS  
OBVIOUSLY IN  
AGONY)

12. STUDIO EFFECTS

(WE SEE ERATO'S  
SHIP IN FLIGHT  
THROUGH SPACE)

13. STUDIO. INT. TARDIS.

(ROMANA AND K9 AT  
RADAR DISPLAY)

K9: Mistress, that blip is in-  
creasing speed. It is definitely not  
space debris.

ROMANA: Can you get it on visual, K9?

(ON A COMPUTER  
DISPLAY WE SEE -  
LINE BY LINE - AN  
OUTLINE BEING BUILT UP.

IT IS A SHIP- EXACTLY  
SIMILAR IN DESIGN  
TO ERATO'S.

ROMANA SWITCHES ON  
THE COMMUNICATOR)

ROMANA: Tardis calling the Doctor.  
Come in, Doctor.

(THE MONITOR FLICKERS  
INTO LIFE. THE  
DOCTOR'S FACE -  
FROM INSIDE ERATO'S  
SHIP - APPEARS)

THE DOCTOR: (ON MONITOR) What is it?

ROMANA: There's definitely another  
Tythonian ship up there. It's  
following you.

14. EFFECTS. SPACE.

(WE SEE THE  
OTHER SHIP. IT IS  
SIMILAR TO ERATO'S -  
BUT A DIFFERENT  
COLOUR. ~~THE~~  
BLACK, PERHAPS.

CUT:

ERATO'S SHIP. WE  
SEE THE OTHER VESSEL  
BEARING DOWN  
FAST ON ERATO'S  
VESSEL)

15. INT. ERATO'S SHELL.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
SCREWING ON HIS  
HELMET)

THE DOCTOR: (TO MONITOR) I'm going  
out to take a closer look at that  
star.

K9: (ON MONITOR) Warning, Doctor.  
The outer shell of the star is  
beginning to break up fast.

ROMANA: (ON MONITOR) Be careful.  
Keep your helmet communicator on, so  
we can hear you.

THE DOCTOR: Right ... (TO ERATO)  
... Remember, give me plenty line  
out there. One tug means push for-  
ward. Two tugs mean disengage and  
pull me back inside ... (AS ERATO)  
... Understood, Doctor.

16. EFFECT. SPACE.

(WE SEE THE DOCTOR,  
SUITED UP, EMERGE  
FROM ERATO'S SHIP AND  
'ROW' HIS WAY  
ACROSS TO THE NEUTRON  
STAR.

A TENDRIL FROM ERATO  
FLOATS INTO  
SPACE BESIDE HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Our only chance is to try  
and ~~push~~ the star into a different  
orbit ~~before~~ it hits the sun ...

(THE DOCTOR PULLS ONCE  
ON THE TENDRIL.

ERATO'S VESSEL MOVES  
CLOSER)

(TO HIMSELF) Oh, come on, Erato.  
Come on. Closer. Closer.

(WE SEE IN EXTREME  
SHOT A SUN BLAZING  
IN THE DARKNESS OF  
SPACE.  
THE SUN IS COMING  
NEARER ALL THE TIME)

*extremal  
film  
or studio lamp*

17. INT. TARDIS.

(CS RADAR DISPLAY.

WE SEE THE TWO  
BLIPS REPRESENTING  
BOTH TYTHONIAN  
CRAFT CONVERGE ON  
EACH OTHER.)

K9: Danger, Master. Danger.  
Collision. Collision.

ROMANA: Doctor ...

18. STUDIO. EFFECTS. SPACE.

(WE SEE THE OTHER  
TYTHONIAN CRAFT  
LOOM UP BEHIND  
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR TURNS,  
SEES IT TOO LATE.

THE CRAFT STRIKES  
THE DOCTOR,  
TEARING THE  
TENDRIL OUT OF  
HIS HAND, AND  
SENDING HIM  
SPINNING INTO  
SPACE)

THE DOCTOR: Sunday driver!

(THE TWO TYTHONIAN  
SHIPS LOCK TOGETHER.

MEANWHILE WE SEE  
THE DOCTOR SHOOT  
HELPLESSLY INTO  
SPACE, SPINNING.

IN THE EXTREME  
DISTANCE WE SEE  
ONCE AGAIN THE  
DISTANT BLAZING  
SUN. IT IS MUCH  
CLOSER NOW)

could be (M) (F).

supposed to  
be surrounded by  
egg?



DM

19. INT. TARDIS.

(ROMANA AND K9  
AT THE MONITOR)

ROMANA: The Doctor's caught in the  
gravitational pull of the sun! He'll  
get sucked in.

K9: He will burn up long before  
that, mistress. His suit will begin  
to glow shortly.

20. STUDIO. EFFECTS. SPACE.

(WE SEE THE DOCTOR GOING AWAY FROM US ALL THE TIME. HE IS SPINNING IN SPACE. HIS SUIT STARTS TO GLOW.

SHOT OF ERATO AND THE OTHER VESSEL. SUDDENLY THEY BEGIN TO MOVE. THEY TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOCTOR)

ROMANA: (V.O.) They're going to attack him!

(MCS ON THE DOCTOR. SUDDENLY THE TWO SHIPS LOOM OVER HIM. A TENDRIL SHOOTS OUT FROM ERATO'S CRAFT AND GRABS HIM. ANOTHER TENDRIL SNAKES OUT. ON THE END OF THE SECOND TENDRIL IS THE COMMUNICATION 'SHIELD')

ERATO'S VOICE OVER: By the way, Doctor, I do not think you've met my cousin. Call him Benter for short.

THE DOCTOR: Pleased to meet him. Now get me inside.

(WE SEE THE DOCTOR  
BEING PULLED IN  
THE DIRECTION OF  
ERATO)

ERATO'S VOICE OVER: Sorry ...  
Bentor's been studying the neutron  
star for some time. In his opinion  
there's no way of stopping it.  
It will collide with that sun in  
precisely nine hours five minutes  
point 012 seconds.

THE DOCTOR: My compliments to  
Bentor, but tell him he's forgotten  
one thing.

ERATO'S VOICE OVER: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: We can minimise the  
gravitational field of the star.

ERATO'S VOICE OVER: How?

THE DOCTOR: All it needs is a few  
hundred miles of aluminium foil and  
a new shell ... Surely a couple of  
Tythonians can manage that.

ERATO'S VOICE OVER: Bentor says he  
was about to suggest that.

THE DOCTOR: Good for Bentor.

(HE IS DRAWN INTO  
ERATO'S SHELL)

21. STUDIO. EFFECTS. SPACE.

(WE SEE THE TWO  
TYHTHONIANS  
WEAVING COCOON  
AROUND THE NEUTRON  
STAR.

BACK AND FORTH  
THEY FLY ROUND  
THE STAR, LIKE  
TWO SHUTTLES  
WEAVING CLOTH)

22. INT. TARDIS.

(ROMANA AND K9  
WATCH THE ABOVE  
SCENE IN MAZEMENT)

ROMANA: Well, that's something you  
don't see very often.

K9: What, mistress?

ROMANA: Two Tythonians wrapping up  
a neutron star in aluminium foil.

DW

- 50 -

23. STUDIO. EFFECTS. SPACE.

(WE BEGIN TO TRACK  
IN ON THE TYTHONIANS  
WEAVING A SHIMMERING  
COCOON ROUND THE STAR)

MIX

- 50 -

24. INT. TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS AT  
THE CONTROLS.  
HE STARTS UP THE  
TARDIS.

ROMANA ENTERS IN  
A DIFFERENT DRESS)

ROMANA: You know I was quite sorry  
to see Erato and his cousin go.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. They were very  
pleasant.

ROMANA: Bentor invited me to visit  
Tythonus whenever I wanted to.

THE DOCTOR: That's nice. He taught  
me some Tythonian poetry, by the way.

ROMANA: Really.

THE DOCTOR: Apparently they're a very  
poetic race. Go in for verse epics  
that last a couple of hundred years.

ROMANA: How did the poem go?

THE DOCTOR: (RECITING) 'Oh, to be on  
Tythonus, Now that Spring is there,  
To lie on the black Tythonian beaches,  
Lapped by the black Tythonian sea,  
To feel once again on one's skin the  
gentle Tythonian rain - of pure  
sulphuric acid ...' Perhaps it loses  
something in translation.

SUPOSE CAM

Captions:

FADE OUT